

# THE OXFORD INTELLIGENCER.

HOWARD FALCONER,

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## The Little White Angel.

Some children stood in a group before the door of the village school-house, one lovely summer evening.

They were all talking pleasantly together, from Kline, the son of the rich and proud Hoffmeister, to little blue-eyed Carl, the only child of the poor baker.

It is very true that Kline wore a velvet jacket, richly embroidered, while Carl's coat was old, and his wooden shoes were rough enough, in all conscience. But what of that? If they were good friends, what difference did that make, I should like to know! Wait till children become grown people, for pity's sake, before you expect them to measure each other's worth, by what they possess or wear.

"The new schoolmaster, Meinher Friedrich, comes to-morrow," said Otto. "I am so glad. I was weary of that old Master Hoffman, with his crooked problems, and hard lessons."

"So was I, truly," cried Kline, who, although a good, merry boy, hated his books as he did medicine.

"Ah! thou dost always like play better than work, my Kline," said Max; "and so do I. Meinher Friedrich will be wiser if he keeps thee and me apart during school hours. But come—some which can get home first—two, three!—and away they all scampered, laughing and shouting as only school-boys can.

The following day the boys were standing around the school-house, when the door opened, and Master Friedrich himself appeared, and, in a cheery, hearty voice:

"Welcome, my children!"

"Welcome, Master!" cried they.

And now they entered, and took their seats, and were quite still while the good master read a short chapter in the Book of Books; and then, reverently kneeling, prayed that the dear Saviour would guide him in his teachings, and bless them, and send His holy spirit to watch over them all.

School began; the thumb-books were brought out; the lazy boys began to sigh and frown, and wish impatiently for the recess, and wonder why Latin dictionaries were ever invented; when, as if by magic, they found themselves listening to the pleasant voice of Master Friedrich, and actually understanding their lessons—so clear and simple were his explanations; and the time for recess came, to their great astonishment, long before they had expected.

When the studies were over, the master drew from his desk a box, and whilst the children gathered around, he opened it, and drew out charming little white and pink sea-shells, pretty pictures, and many other beautiful things, which he gave to the children, with loving words.

But the most lovely thing of all was a little porcelain statuette of an angel. She stood—so fair, so pure—with her small white hands folded over her breast, and her eyes uplifted, that the children gazed enchanted.

"Oh, the dear angel! the beautiful angel!" cried they all. "Wilt thou not give it to me, Master Friedrich?"

But the good man smiled, and said:

"The little angel is too lovely to be given to any boy who is not good and true of heart. We shall presently see who will deserve her. He who brings me to-morrow the brightest thing on earth shall have the angel."

At this the children looked at each other, as if wondering what the good master might mean. But he said no more, and they went home thoughtful.

with the bright things; then raising Carl, he softly said—"My children, there is no brighter thing on earth than a *tender, pitying* tear."

The boys were silent for a moment, for they felt that the master had decided that Carl had rightly won the angel; then Kline cried out—

"My master, thou didst not fairly explain to us. I pray thee give us another trial."

"Yes, dear master," said Max, "give us one more trial."

"What sayest thou, Carl?" said Master Friedrich.

"Yes, dear master," answered the generous boy.

The good master smiled thoughtfully, and his eyes rested for a moment lovingly upon Carl; then glancing round, he said—"He who brings me the loveliest thing on earth to-morrow, shall have the angel."

The children clapped their hands, and departed satisfied.

After school the next day, Kline was the first to run up to Master Friedrich, and lay upon his desk what he considered the loveliest thing in the whole world, his new soldier cap, with the long scarlet feather, and bright, golden tassel.

Max came next, and placed beside the cap a small silver watch, his last birthday gift, with a bright steel chain attached; Otto brought a great picture book, just sent to him by his grandmother; Randolph a tiny marble vase, richly sculptured; and so on, until a still more motley collection than before lay upon Master Friedrich's desk.

Then poor little Carl stepped modestly up, and placed in the master's hand a pure white lily.

The rich perfume filled the room, and bending over the flower, inhaling the delicious fragrance, the master softly said—"My children, the Blessed Word of God says, 'Behold the lilies of the valley; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.' Carl has rightly chosen."

But murmurs arose; the children were not satisfied, and again they asked for another trial.

And as before, good Master Friedrich inquired:

"What sayest thou, Carl?" and he answered as before with generous haste, "Yes, dear master."

"Now this is the last time," said the master, he who brings me the *best thing on earth* shall have the angel."

"The very best thing on earth is plum cake," cried Kline on the third day, as he walked up to the desk, bearing a large cake richly frosted, with a wreath of sugar roses round the edge—this, he placed triumphantly before the master, sure of the prize.

"Nay, thou art wrong this time, Kline," said Max, "I asked my father what was the very best thing on earth, and he laughed and gave me this golden guinea—the prize is mine."

## Popular Fallacies Respecting Women.

"A lady should always be neatly and elegantly dressed; she has no excuse for appearing otherwise!"

"Has she not, sir? What do you call those five little animals in pink aprons and pink cheeks, who hang around from 'morn till dew eve?' What do you call the baby, who always wakes just when he ought to sleep, and lifts up the full force of his lungs just when he ought to keep still? What do you call the soup, that must be seasoned to a grain of pepper, and the pudding, which must be baked just so, or there will be trouble among the lords of creation? The coat which must be mended? The cravat which needs only a stitch? The china that must be washed? The carpets which must be swept? We should call these very respectable exercises for a little dishabille now and then!"

"A woman gadding abroad is one of the most disagreeable sights in the world; her place is at home!"

We are not sure of that either; not if she wears a pretty bonnet, and has cheeks like the sunny side of a peach, and ripe, cherry kind of lips.

We've a great many other disagreeable things, and I confess a weakness for bright eyes and pretty hair. Undoubtedly her place is home, but that's no reason she should shut herself up there, and she looks like a cherry stock or a lump of chalk. Who would buy the coal and calico, the marketing and the new music, if a woman is never to set her foot over the threshold? The man that wrote that luxury never kept house, we know.

"Women should always be calm and composed, like a peaceful landscape or a serenely shining star. Her whole manner should carry out the idea of rest and repose."

All very well if the gentleman in possession of these "serenely shining eyes" would allow them to remain among the clouds, high above all sublimity, and turn him to his work. But what is the luminary to do when husband brings home a friend to dinner on Monday, when the wash is in high procedure—when an extra chicken has to be broiled, and the best tablecloth whisked out at three minutes and a quarter's notice? Has our critic a right to complain if his wife makes her appearance with face redder than the pickled beets, and manners decidedly flurried?

"A woman should never, under any circumstances whatever, lose her temper."

Might as well tell the wind not to blow on a March day, or the rain not to come down in April. It does them good to explode occasionally. A woman, to be good for anything, must have as much spice and sparkle in her as a bottle of champagne, and if the comes out once in a while, with a bang, why that don't depreciate the value of the goods.

But let men preach; it doesn't amount to anything after all. We hold them captive by every one of their dicky strings and coat buttons—by the rents in their stockings, and toothaches and headaches they want to be nursed through. They can't do without us, and all this good advice and assumed air of bravado is only a very natural chafing under the invisible chains. On the whole, we think it rather foolish to take notice of it all. Talk away, gentlemen; you won't hurt our feelings.

## How Cameos are Cut.

Rome is now the chief seat of the art of cameo cutting, two kinds of which are produced—those cut in hard stone, and those cut in shell. The stones most valuable for this purpose are the oriental onyx, and the sardonyx, provided they have at least two different colors in parallel layers. The value of the stone is greatly increased for this purpose, if it has four or five different colored parallel layers, if the layers are so thin as to assist in marking the device of the cameo. For example: a specimen of stone which has four parallel layers may be useful for a cameo of Minerva, where the ground would be dark grey, the face light, the bust and helmet black, and the crest over the helmet brown or grey. All such cameos are wrought by lapidary's lathe, with pointed instruments of steel, and by means of diamond dust. Shell cameos are cut from large shells found on the African and Brazilian coasts, and generally show two layers, one white, and the other either a pale coffee color, or a deep reddish orange. The subject is cut with small steel chisels out of the white portion of the shell. Shells adapted for cameo cutting are dense, thick, and consist usually of three layers of differently-colored shell material. In a variety of these shells each layer is composed of very many thin plates, that is, laminated, the laminae being perpendicular to the plane of the main layer, and each lamina consisting of elongated prismatic cells adherent to their long sides. The laminae of the outer and inner layers are parallel to the lines of growth, while those of the middle layer are at right angles to them. In another variety known as the corvies, there is an additional layer which is a duplicate of the auricular layer formed when the animal has attained its full growth.

Taxidermists talk like books are mere sentence-makers, syntactical machines rhetorically constructed, that grind out phrases as a barrel-organ grinds out tunes.

To the child, nature shows herself child-like, bending benignly down to his infant heart, while to the god she shows herself god-like, attuning herself to his high aspirations.

There is no exception to the rule of three. As your income is to your expenditure, so will the amount of your debts be to your cash in pocket.

Life, we are told, is a journey—and to see the way in which some people set out, you would imagine they were taking in provisions to last them the whole length of the journey!

## Romantic Incident—Partridge of Jefferson.

Mr. Jefferson's father was poor, but an industrious and intelligent mechanic; and, as society was constituted in Virginia, he was wholly excluded from the ranks of the aristocracy, and could have no hope of forming a family connection with them, but for the following incident: One of the Randolphs wishing some repairs to be made on the doorsteps of his mansion, and having heard of the expertise of the young carpenter, Jefferson, who resided in the same parish, sent for him to come and do the work.

In this family there were several beautiful and accomplished daughters, who were the acknowledged belles of that part of the country; while one of the sisters was so far behind the rest, either in accomplishments or the faculty of showing off to advantage, that she was subject to mortifying neglect by the young men who thronged the establishment, being generally left at home while her more favored sisters were taken off for the constant rounds of parties and pleasure excursions, in vogue among the wealthy families of the place. It was during one of these instances of neglect that Jefferson happened to work on the steps; the respectful attentions he then had a chance of paying the slightest girl, so strongly affected her with the contrast with those she had been accustomed to receive from all other young gentlemen who were admitted to the house, that her actions soon revealed to the quick eye of the ambitious young mechanic a condition of heart that he thought might improve with advantage. And acting on that belief, he persevered, and so well profited by his opportunities that within a few days a mutual engagement was formed, and a runaway match concocted and carried into effect.

There was, to be sure, a terrible rumpus kicked up by the proud Randolphs when it was discovered that one of the family had disgraced herself and them, as they esteemed it, by running away with, and marrying a poor mechanic. But finding there was no help for it, and learning, upon inquiry, that the young man was as smart as he was bold, they at length recalled the truant daughter with her husband, installed them into the family, and gave them their patrimony.

From this match sprung, we believe, two sons and several daughters, a part of whom, like Thomas Jefferson, the subsequent statesman and President, strikingly inherited the intellectual characteristics and enterprise of the father, and the other part the quiet ordinary and common place traits of the mother.

## The Struggles of the Poor.

POVERTY falls most heavily on those who have enjoyed a competence, and by some revulsion of fortune or the death of those on whom they were dependent, are reduced to penury. A true Christian benevolence loves to seek out and aid such sufferers. Here is an illustration from a New York paper:

"What! make shirts for nine shillings a dozen?"

"Indeed, sir, I can get nothing else to do!"

"Nine shillings a dozen! nine cents a piece. But how many can you make in a day?"

"One, sir, if I have my time; but I have my little boy, two years old, and he's quite fretful, this warm weather, so that I do not always finish it, unless I can work at night."

"And you work at night sewing on these?"

"I would, sir, and do, so long as I can afford to; but indeed, sir, what with feeding my four little ones, I cannot afford to buy candles!"

"Four children! Poor woman! I fear you have a hard task to pay the landlord. What rent do you pay?"

"Four dollars a month, sir."

"And you earn fifty-four cents a week. How long have you lived here?"

"My husband died in March last. He was a manufacturer of daguerotype colors. We lived up town then. But his long sickness consumed what little money we had; and when he died I was obliged to sell most that we had in the house, and come down here with my four little ones."

"Your eldest boy is nine years; you can scarcely earn more than will pay your rent. How do you furnish food for yourselves?"

## Removal of the Remains of Columbus.

It is stated from Havana that the remains of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of the New World, are again to be removed to a new and splendid cemetery, soon to be opened near that city. They are to be deposited in a silver urn, upon which will be inscribed in letters of gold the most remarkable events of his great enterprise. A bronze statue is also to be erected over them, representing the great discoverer in the attitude of revealing the grand mission of his wonderful life.

Columbus died Ascension day, the 20th of May, 1506, in about the 70th year of his age. His obsequies were celebrated with great pomp at Valadolid, and his body deposited in the convent of San Francisco. Thence, nine years after, in the year 1515, it was removed to the Carthusian monastery of Seville, where was likewise deposited the body of his son Diego. Twenty-three years after, in the year 1538, the bodies of both the admiral and his son were removed, with appropriate pomp and ceremonies, to the New World he had discovered, and interred in the principal chapel of San Domingo, Hispaniola. There they remained undisturbed for the period of 259 years.

In the year 1795, however, at the close of the war between France and Spain, all the Spanish possessions in the Island of Hispaniola were ceded to France, whereupon a request was preferred to the French Governor to have the remains of Columbus removed to Cuba. The request was granted, and on the 20th of December, 1795, the vault in the cathedral of San Domingo was, for the first time in nearly two hundred years, opened. "Within," says the record of the event, "were found the fragments of a leaden coffin, a number of bones, and a quantity of mould, evidently the remains of a human body. These were carefully collected and put into a case of gilded lead, about half an ell in length and breadth, and a third in height, secured by an iron lock, the key of which was delivered to the Archbishop. The case was enclosed in a coffin, covered with black velvet, and ornamented with face and fringe of gold."

After appropriate funeral ceremonies, the body was taken on board the ship San Lorenzo and taken to Havana, where it arrived on the 15th of January, 1796. It was received in the most solemn manner, with all the honor given to a sovereign. On arriving at the mole, the remains were met by the Governor of the Island, accompanied by his generals and military staff. The coffin was then conveyed between files of soldiers which lined the streets to the obelisk, in the Place d'Armes, where it was received in a hearse prepared for the purpose. Here the remains were formally delivered to the Governor and Captain General of the Island, the key given up to him, the coffin opened and examined, and the safe transportation of its contents authenticated.

The ceremony concluded, the solemn rites of the dead were performed by the Archbishop, and the remains of the great discoverer were again deposited in the wall, on the right side of the grand altar of the Cathedral of Havana, where they have ever since remained, the object of reverence to all visitors of the Island.

THE FORTITUDE OF THE POOR FOR PITY.—Fanny Fern writes: "It is odd as true, that the poor of our city land-and-alley population are, the more poor, in the shape of parrots, puppies, cats and monkeys, they keep. Often I have scarcely known whether to laugh or cry, when, upon opening the door of some miserable den, scarcely large enough to contain a rickety bed or chair, my ears and heels have been at once assailed by the paws and lungs of these creatures. On the whole, I think I have felt more like crying, as I thought that even in these miserable places the great need of loving something, and having something to love, can never, by the lowest surroundings of degradation, be utterly extinguished. They whom the world repudiates the poor dumb creature looks up to, and without questioning their antecedents. Philosophers tell us that the firmest friends are those who are chosen from our inferiors. Whether this is a compliment to, or a satire upon human nature, I leave to the reader as an open question."

FANNY ELLISER.—A letter to the New York Times, from Paris, contains the following: Fanny Elliser is now at Berlin, at the bedside of a sick sister, wife of the son of Prince Adalbert of Prussia. The marriage of the young Baron de Barmine, eldest son of the Prince Adalbert, to Mlle. Therese Elliser, sister of the famous danseuse, and something of a danseuse herself, created a great sensation at the time; but the union has been a happy one, and the relatives long ago became reconciled to the plebeian intruder. From this union was born one child, a son, whose bad health induced his parents to send him, some months ago, to Egypt, to try the effect of the climate on his lungs. But, like Rachel, he received no benefit, and has just died in Nubia. The news threw the mother on her bed, and her sister Fanny hastened to her side to console her in the cruel loss.

A STORY is told of Dick, a darkey in Kentucky, who was a notorious thief—so vicious in this respect, that all the thefts in the neighborhood were charged to him. On one occasion, Mr. Jones, a neighbor of Dick's master, called and said that Dick must be sold out of that part of the country, for he had stolen all his (Mr. Jones') turkeys.—Dick's master could not think so. The two, however, went into the field where Dick was at work, and accused him of the theft. "You stole Mr. Jones' turkeys," said the master.—"No, I didn't, massa," responded Dick. The master persisted. "Well," at length said Dick, "I'll tell you, massa; I didn't steal dem turkeys; but last night, when I went across Mr. Jones' pasture, I saw one of our rails on de fence, and I brought home de rail, and, confound it, when I come to look, dere was nine turkeys on de rail!"

As the diamond is found in the darkness of the mine, as the lightning shoots with most vivid flashes from the gloomiest cloud, so does mirthfulness frequently proceed from a heart susceptible of the deepest melancholy.

## CHIPS.

PEOPLE are seldom tired of the world, until the world is heartily tired of them.

Max is partly a creature and partly creator of circumstances.

Amateur often plays the wrestler's trick of raising a man up merely to throw him down.

To be deprived of the person we love is Lappine in comparison of living with one we hate.

True—The love that has nothing but beauty to sustain it, soon withers away.

After all, there's something about a wedding gown prettier than any other gown in the world.

The character that needs law to mend it is hardly worth the trouble of tinkering.

Second wedding is said to be like wine—not to be properly judged of till the second glass.

Men and women are never more frequently outwitted than when they are trying to outwit others.

Never be idle. Always have something to do. Remember moments are the golden sands of time.

The only way for a rich man to be healthy is to practice exercise and abstinence—to live as if he were poor.

The purest joy we can experience in one we love, is to see that person a source of happiness to others.

Women can easily preserve their youth; for she who captivates the heart and understanding never grows old.

There are three kinds of friends—friends who love you, friends who do not trouble themselves about you, and friends who hate you.

There is an efficacy in kindness of which we are unwary. The element of security is one which we peculiarly need.

We think that a man carries the borrowing principle a trifle too far when he asks us to lend him our ears.

A MAN who is not at heart ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition in life.